

# THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. LII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

[PRICE TWOPENCE

## CIVIC RULERS.

It may be observed of every civic body, that their members generally each take to, and keep by, one particular path, as regards the discharge of their public duties. That is, each discovers a different sort of genius, by which he in time comes to be distinguished. Some discover a genius for proposing, some for opposing, and some for making long-winded speeches. Some exhibit a genius for doing nothing, some a genius for nuisances—that is, for ferreting out public annoyances. Others display a genius for improvements—for knocking down and building up,—for slicing off, and cutting through.

The gentleman with the genius for proposing, and he with the at least equally useful talent of opposing, may at once be discovered at the meetings of the body to which they belong by the deadly scowl with which they regard each other, even when not in actual contact. They glare on each other like a pair of wild cats; and, impelled by that undefinable feeling which urges us still to look on what we loathe, their eyes are constantly upon each other. They can't help it. In the look of the proposer—the great tabler of motions—there may, however, be detected a lurking expression of dread of his formidable antagonist, on whose face, again, sits a sardonic grin, indicating anything but good-will to the former. It being the business of the one to get up motions, and of the other to knock them down as fast as they are got up, it is curious to mark the proceedings of the pair when in discharge of their respective functions. Before tabling a motion, the proposer eyes his ancient and well-known enemy with a look of mingled suspicion and defiance. He seems to calculate on instant and fierce opposition to everything he is about to advance,—and he is not mistaken. There, ready to pounce on him, on the slightest opening presenting itself, sits the dreaded opposer, leaning his head upon his hand, and eyeing the motion-maker with a malicious smile, or grinning with delight at the real or supposed weak points in his reasoning.

The gentleman with the genius for making long-winded speeches is a respectable-looking, but somewhat over-dressed elderly man, slow and pompous in manner, and of a grave countenance. This gravity is meant to express wisdom, but, not being exactly of the right kind, it doesn't altogether answer the purpose intended. It rather, with reverence be it spoken, gives a sort of goose look to the gentleman who has unadvisedly adopted it; and is, therefore, one which, as any physiognomist could tell him, he would be much better without.

This gentleman, who is the dread and terror of his colleagues, owing to his tremendous powers of annoyance, rises on all occasions, and, if permitted, would probably never sit down again. But he is not permitted. His colleagues, who had long borne with him with the fortitude of martyrs, have now got into the way of nipping him in the bud. They now seldom allow him to get beyond three or four sentences. One would think that this cavalier treatment would cure the speech-maker of his prosing

propensities. No such thing. If he be of the right breed, nothing will cure him. He sets it all down to the folly, obstinacy, and stupidity of those who refuse to listen to him, and, in this comfortable opinion, retires within himself, to gather fresh vigour for the next opportunity of spinning an oration.

Many a warm, comfortable dinner has this gentleman spoiled for his colleagues with his long-winded speeches; but that was before they had plucked up courage to resist his tyrannous inflections—to shake themselves free of the thralldom of his soporific spells. They know better now, and if the dinner-hour be approaching, slip their hats quietly on their heads, and, sneaking out of the apartment one after another, leave, with very little ceremony, the speaker on his legs. Nothing daunted, the latter holds on his monotonous way until he has speechified the last man out of the apartment, when, finding nobody left to listen to him, he coolly takes up his hat and walks after them.

The gentleman whose genius lies in the way of doing nothing, may be observed to have, generally, rather a perplexed sort of manner. He always looks as if he would fain do or say something if he could, but doesn't know exactly where or how to begin. In default of this, he puts on a grave face, and tries to look as intelligent, and as full of the matter in hand, as he can. It's all he can do.

Of all the various geniuses, however, of which civic bodies are usually composed, the genius for nuisances—elsewhere more fully defined—and the genius for improvement, present the most edifying characteristics. The gentleman who is distinguished for the first has several special and interesting peculiarities. He is an exceedingly active and useful member of his body; for, resting his fame on this single ground of ferreting out and running down public nuisances, he is constantly on the alert to discover them, and in this is so expert that one would think nature had specially adapted him for such pursuits, by gifting him with some extraordinary powers of nose. It would, moreover, seem as if he held that organ constantly aloft, and kept snuffing the air as he went along; for he will detect offensive things where your more obtuse olfactories can perceive nothing in the least disagreeable. Some peculiar faculty of nose, therefore, he certainly has. It is rather unlucky for this gentleman, inasmuch as it is very apt to deprive him unjustly of a large portion of his glory, that running down nuisances is rather a popular recreation. The consequence is, that no sooner does our friend notify his detection of a nuisance, than half a dozen members of the body to which he belongs link themselves to him, and insist on hunting down the nuisance along with him. This they do on pretence of aiding him, and serving the public at the same time, but, in reality, to appropriate a share of his glory, which they further seek to diminish, by becoming more clamorous about, and more abusive of, the newly discovered nuisance than the discoverer himself. By-and-by these officious half-dozen members are joined by others; for the spirit of hunting down public nuisances is remarkably infectious—when, the original discoverer having given, as it were, the view halloo, the whole pack start in full

cry after the unfortunate annoyance. The first discoverer, unwilling to submit to be robbed of every particle of reputation, endeavours to keep the lead in the pursuit, and to be, if he can, the first in at the death; but it very often happens that he is outstripped by his officious concurrents, and his eager shouting drowned in their more obstreperous clamour, until the whole chase becomes so confused and involved, that nobody can tell who first scented the game, which has just been so triumphantly put down. This is a hard case, as regards the original discoverer, inasmuch as it deprives him of the merit to which he was so justly entitled. He sometimes, indeed, makes some attempts subsequently to claim this merit, but nobody listens to him; for, the nuisance once removed, no one will further concern themselves about either him or it.

The gentleman with the genius for improvement falls next under our notice. This is a person of a restless and most formidable activity; for, having an instinctive abhorrence of allowing anything to remain as it is, you have no safety with him. You cannot calculate, if he happen to be a person of any influence, on keeping your house and garden together and entire for a month; for he may in an instant propose knocking down the one, and carrying a road through the other.

The gentleman with the genius for improvement does not contemplate objects with the eye of an ordinary person. If he looks at a building, it is to see where a corner or a projection could be elided off, or an addition stuck on. If a street, it is to mark where exuberances might be curtailed, or deficiencies filled up. Even natural objects he views in the same spirit. If it be a tree, it is to consider whether it would not be an improvement to lop off all its branches on one side. If a hill, how it could be shaved down or cut through. There is no denying, however, that if this person does a great deal of mischief sometimes, and at all times gives a vast deal of at least temporary annoyance, by keeping your immediate atmosphere filled with brick and lime dust, and your roads strewn with stones and rubbish, he yet frequently does a great deal of good by knocking off ugly, awkward corners of streets, by straightening crooked ones, by lowering those that are too high, and elevating those that are too low. He, indeed, sometimes creates a terrible stir, and commits fearful havoc, to accomplish these objects; frequently knocking down whole acres of old houses, and giving to the city the appearance for a time of having been battered by a park of artillery; but on the storm subsiding—on things being restored to order again—you cannot deny but a very great improvement has, on the whole, been effected. This person, however, must be carefully watched, and kept within due bounds, otherwise, in his mania for improving, he would not leave one stone of the city on another. The best way is to keep him smashing away about the outskirts of the town, or to let him loose amongst a parcel of old ruinous houses that, of little value themselves, occupy much valuable ground, and disfigure the city.—Just let him in amongst these, and you will see what a havoc he will make. In a week there will not be a stone standing. Keeping him thus employed prevents him entertaining designs on other quarters, where his interference is anything but desirable. On no account must the improver be permitted to get to work in the heart of a city. If he is, he will keep the streets impassable for months; choke you with all sorts of dust; compel you to wade knee-deep in mud; break your legs with his stones and barrows; create the most dreadful confusion in your most frequented thoroughfares; and leave you scarce the breadth of a sheep-track to walk on, in your broadest streets. Let him, in fact, once in, and you will never get him out.

#### VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

IN a paper entitled "Black and White," in No. 42 of the *London Saturday Journal*, we offered some observations on the unity of species among all the countless varieties of the human race, and touched upon the various points which, in the discussion of that proposition, have been mainly relied on by the opposers and defenders of the theory, which, in accordance with the common acceptance of Scripture, attributes all the nations which people the earth to one common stock, to the single pair who had their first abode in Eden.

It is difficult at once to give assent to this proposition; we are inclined strongly to take part with the young debater, who maintained that there must have been four pair, at least, of Adams and Eves. It is certainly a trial of faith to believe that the ancestors of the sparkling beauties of fair England were also the progenitors of the Hottentot Venus, because St. Paul has declared that all mankind were of one blood; and we may, perhaps, seek to find out some interpretation which may square scripture to our own views. This vicious method of investigation, the poring over words, instead of examining into facts which lie open before us in the book of nature, has too frequently confirmed unreasonable prejudices, given authority to error, and led the way to the black labyrinth of angry controversy, instead of to the pure light of truth.

If we are not expressly commanded, we are at least invited to investigate scripture, by the study of nature. It has been well remarked by an excellent writer\* on the very subject we are now treating of, that—

"In those inquiries in which the ordinary lights of reason and philosophy are capable of guiding us to the truth, I apprehend that we may safely venture to seek it under their direction. An appeal to the scriptures on such subjects is rather prejudicial than otherwise to the interests of religion as well as of science. It evinces indeed an apprehension lest something should be discovered that may prove the scriptures to be in error, and implies a secret doubt of their entire truth." The result of such inquiries into the physical history of man gradually clears the mist from our eyes, until at last the truth appears so plain that we wonder why we ever doubted. When this is effected without relying upon the scriptural history for one step of the proof, we are armed with one more argument, if any were necessary, for the support of that great rule of our faith.

The main objections to the proposition, that all the human inhabitants of the earth are descended from one common stock, are, First, the existence of islands, whose inhabitants are without traditions of their origin, and are not acquainted with even the rudest form of navigation. Second, the infinite variety of languages, most of which appear to have had no common origin. Third, the striking varieties in form and colour.

The appearance of inhabitants on islands which appear inaccessible even by nations possessed of canoes, has been satisfactorily accounted for by navigators who have paid particular attention to the subject; and their opinion has been supported by well authenticated accounts of very small vessels being drifted by the force of currents to a distance that appears almost incredible. Chinese fishing-junks, of very slight construction, have been driven from the coast of Japan to the western shores of America; and we could easily, did our limits permit, multiply instances which sufficiently prove the possibility of every island we are acquainted with being peopled from the mainland. Of the possibility of the peopling of America from Asia we have already given an instance. We therefore assume the first objection overcome; but if our readers desire fuller information on that point, we would refer them to the professional observations upon it appended to Captain Fitzroy's account of the second voyage of the *Beagle*, in which the subject is handled very satisfactorily.

The diversity of languages can scarcely be deemed a serious objection. Our knowledge respecting the formation of the various languages which there is confessedly reason to believe sprung from one original, is too slight to found any argument upon the total, or presumed total difference between them and those of the other nations of the earth. The scriptural account of the confusion of tongues at Babel may perhaps be understood as effected merely by the scattering abroad of the people, and not by an immediate interposition of Providence; and this dispersion was probably necessary to procure the provision required by rapidly increasing men and cattle. It is remarkable that the greatest affinity

\* Dr. J. C. Richard, in his "Physical History of Man."

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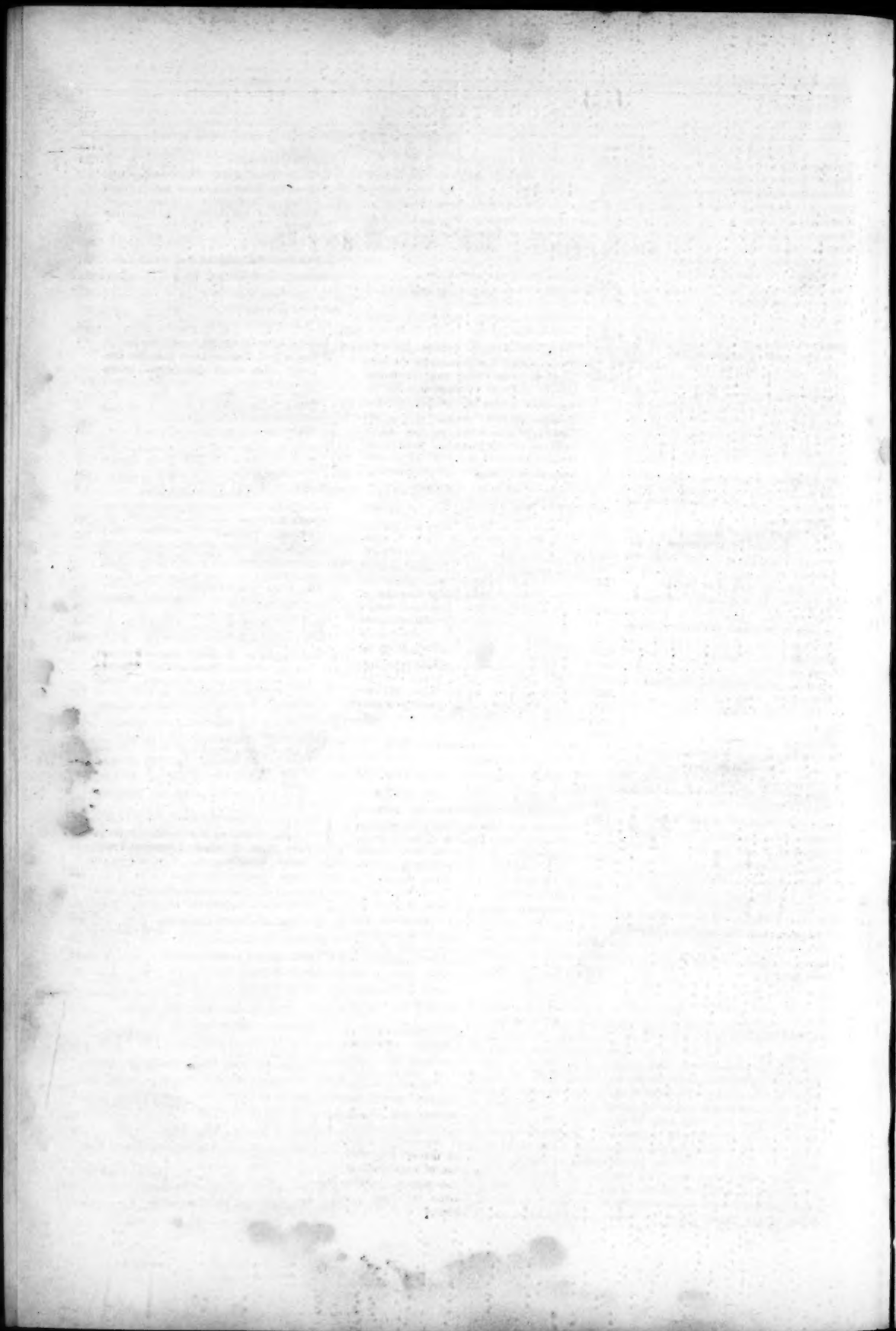
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in both language and traditions has been traced between the inhabitants of Asia, Egypt, and Europe, those who more immediately surround the presumed centre of dispersion, whilst among those more remote the resemblance is fainter, or has not been traced at all. But as this objection cannot be effectually maintained or answered, from the deficiency of our information, we must proceed to consider the physical varieties of the human race, and thence determine, by analogy with the laws of other organised beings, whether they are all variations from one primitive type, or are permanent characters, and, therefore, distinct species.

The term species is applied to collections of individuals which so resemble each other, that by referring merely to the known and well-ascertained operation of physical causes, all the differences between them may be accounted for, so as to present no obstacle to our regarding them as the offspring of one stock.

Applying this to man, we inquire what are the physical distinctions between the varieties which exist. We find they agree in duration of life—this is an important fact. Observation and inquiry prove, beyond a doubt, that there is no distinction in this point. We find all subject to the same diseases, possessing the same faculties, and presenting a similar internal anatomy. There is on all these points, then, no ascertainable difference beyond particular predispositions, such as are known among Europeans as the different temperaments which are frequently hereditary in families.

Some naturalists have regarded the fact of the production of prolific offspring as a criterion of identity of species, but this cannot be supported, as instances have occurred to disprove it. But no two animals of distinct species have ever been known to produce hybrids in a state of nature. The dog and the wolf are so closely allied as to have been considered by some as identical, but they never intermix. But whites and blacks unite freely, and it has been said that the Negroes, especially, prefer to intermarry with the whites. The Otaheitan women are also said to entertain this predilection, of which a remarkable instance occurred at Pitcairn's Island, where the women killed their black husbands, to prevent them from murdering the whites. The Turks also are said to prefer black women for their seraglios.

We find, then, that the only distinctions which can be accounted specific are the form of the head, and the colour of the skin. The former we shall answer by a quotation from Professor Blumenbach, who has devoted much time to the investigation of this subject.

"No naturalist," says he, "has carried his scepticism so far, as to doubt the descent of the domestic swine from the wild boar. It is certain that before the discovery of America by the Spaniards, swine were unknown in that quarter of the world, and that they were first carried thither from Europe. Yet, notwithstanding the comparative shortness of the interval, they have in that country degenerated into breeds, wonderfully different from each other, and from the original stock. These instances of diversity, and those of the hog kind in general, may therefore be taken as clear and safe examples of the variations which may be expected to arise in the descendants of one stock."

"The whole difference," continues Blumenbach, "between the cranium of a Negro and that of a European, is by no means greater than that equally striking difference which exists between the cranium of the wild boar and that of the domestic swine."

The professor's parallel is certainly not one of the most savoury, yet it compresses into a small compass the matter of a long treatise. We can only judge of the physical attributes of man by comparison with those of brutes, and the most homely is the most convincing.

We now come to the remarkable distinction of colour, which is by far the strongest point that can be urged in favour of separate creations.

"The colour of the skin depends upon a substance interposed between the cutis, or corium, and the cuticle (outward skin). It is a black layer, about as thick as the cuticle itself, or even thicker, in the negro; and darker coloured on its dermoid than on its cuticular surface. Putrefaction detaches it with the cuticle from the subjacent cutis; its further progress resolves the soft tissue into a kind of unctuous, slimy matter, readily washed away from the cuticle and skin. It is not easily separated by other means from the former; indeed, it is, under all circumstances, very difficult, and, where the skin is delicate, quite impossible, to exhibit it detached in any considerable portion as a distinct membrane. It agrees with the cuticle in showing nothing like fibrous texture, in being inorganic and extra-vascular. It diffuses itself in water, and communicates a turbid cloud to the fluid, like that

produced by the pigmentum nigrum of the eye; then subsides as an impalpable powder to the bottom\*."

"This substance," says Dr. Prichard, whom we have before quoted, "may probably be regarded as a peculiar secretion from the surface of the cutis. It is only in the Negro that this mucous web, or rete mucosum, has been demonstrated; but it can scarcely be doubted that the dark colour of other swarthy or black races depends on a similar cause. The Cingalese and Malabars are often as black as the generality of Negroes; the hue of their complexion must arise from the intermediate layer, since the cutis is nearly destitute of colour, and the epidermis is transparent. The complexion fades by insensible degrees from the jet black of the Malabar to the olive colour of the northern Hindoo, and without any strongly marked alteration of bodily structure, that might be thought to point out a diversity of race. Again, swarthy people of a similar description are spread through Persia and Western Asia, to the south of Europe; among these we find no very remarkable or sudden change, either of colour or structure; and the same adust hue, varying in degree, is seen in the tanned or embrowned Spaniard or Portuguese, and among the Arabs and Persians, gradually changing into the olive complexion of Hindoostan. In all these people a black substance seems to be spread, though in more sparing and various degrees, over the white cutis, obscuring it, and rendering it more or less dusky. This is increased, like some other secretions, on exposure to light and heat, against the action of which it appears to defend the cutis. For," and this circumstance deserves particular notice, "the skin, even of the European brunettes, whose hair is black, is much less injured by exposure to the sun, than that of the flaxen-haired or sanguine. It becomes brown or ash-coloured, while the former inflames or blisters."

"In Europeans, however, even of dark complexions, it is only a matter of inference that there exists anything analogous to the rete mucosum in the Negro. Soemmerring, however, remarks that he once found, in a European female, the outer covering of the skin distinctly divisible into two lamellæ; and that he preserves a specimen of it in his collection: and Mr. Lawrence informs us that 'there is in the Hunterian collection a portion of white skin with the cuticle turned down.' A small portion of a thin, transparent pellicle has been subsequently separated from the cutis."

Thus, although at first sight it may be imagined that the rete mucosum observable in the Negro is an organic peculiarity sufficient to rank him as a distinct species, a further examination leads us to the conclusion that this substance exists in men of all colours, and is only so conspicuous in the Negro, from an extraordinary development, which we cannot, it is true, clearly account for; but which we cannot on the other hand regard as a specific distinction.

We cannot assign any cause for colour. That it is not solely occasioned by climate is certain; but that climate has an influence (of undefined extent) appears no less certain. No perfectly black tribes are found beyond the limits of the tropics. It is true that the inhabitants of Australia have frequently been described as black, and to a casual observer most of them appear so. But when they are disburdened of the coat of dirt which it is their pleasure to carry about with them, they appear tinged with a shade of red. There is reason also to believe, that they are partly of African descent. In like manner the Fuegians, who are of a deep copper colour when clean, have, in theoretical charts of the supposed limits of various coloured tribes, been described incorrectly as black. Light and heat have an undoubted influence on the colour of the skin, but with the European, whose rete mucosum is undeveloped, the effect produced is not permanent; an individual may be tanned to blackness, but a fever or a blister will restore his pristine hue, and he does not communicate his acquired swarthy-ness to his children. But a co-natal hue is communicated, and it is an established fact that the hue is more dependent upon the father than the mother†. But if the rete mucosum be co-natally developed, there is little doubt that the influence of light and continued heat will tend to increase the secretion, and, by continued action, extend it to the uttermost. There is no part of the globe so subject to continued heat as the wide expanse of the tropical regions of the continent of Africa, which may, without any stretch of probability, be considered as the original habitat of purely black tribes. Hence it follows that a family or tribe whose rete muco-

\* Lawrence's Lectures on Physiology and the Natural History of Man.

† Stature and form are more dependent upon the mother, a circumstance which may be accounted for by anatomical reasons.



skin was already developed or coloured would, under certain circumstances of exposure, become more deeply tinged with a permanent, not a fleeting hue; for the secretion is constitutional, and constitutional peculiarities, even of disease, such as the gout and scrofula, are hereditary.

We may therefore conclude, that a race of red men may by natural causes be converted into blacks. That red men have been produced not only from whites, but from black parents, there is ample evidence. The red, hairy Esau, the twin-brother of the smooth Jacob, is a remarkable instance of the one; and there are many well-authenticated instances of the other: red hair is not uncommon among the Negroes.

No cause for such apparent phenomena can be assigned; but that such occur is indisputable; and that even more strange variations are permanent cannot be doubted. In the year 1731, a boy of the age of fourteen was publicly exhibited (under the title of the Porcupine Man), whose body was covered with a thick corrugated skin, covered with large bristly warts, which rose to such a height as even to render clothing unpleasant. This skin was shed every year during the autumn months, and again renewed. He was examined by the members of the Royal Society, and an account was published in their "Philosophical Transactions." Twenty-six years after, the following additional particulars were communicated by Mr. H. Baker.

"The most extraordinary circumstance of this man's story, and indeed the only reason for my giving you this trouble, is, that he has had six children, all with the same rugged covering as himself; the first appearance whereof in them, as well as in him, came on in about nine weeks after the birth. Only one of them is living, a very pretty boy, eight years of age, whom I saw and examined with his father, and who is exactly in the same condition. It appears, therefore, past all doubt, that a race of people may be propagated by this man, having such rugged coats or coverings as himself; and if this should ever happen, and the accidental original be forgotten, it is not improbable they might be deemed a different species of mankind."

That the race of this man is not yet extinct, but has proceeded to at least one generation more, appears from a description of two individuals, published by Dr. W. G. Tilesius and by Blumenbach, and thus abstracted by Mr. Lawrence: "Two brothers, John Lambert, aged twenty-two, and Richard, aged fourteen, who must have been grandsons of the original Porcupine Man, Edward Lambert, were shown in Germany, and had the cutaneous incrustation already described. Tilesius mentions, that the wife of the elder, at the time he saw him, was in England, pregnant. It is to be hoped that this new progeny will not remain in obscurity, for want of a naturalist to celebrate its fame."

The peculiar nature of the skin of the Negro is considered to be the cause of his easy endurance of heat, but does not account for his correspondent inability to endure cold. The child of European parents born in Jamaica is found to be more patient of the scorching solar beams, and to possess a cooler skin when exposed to their influence, than natives of more temperate climes; his eye is more overshadowed by the brow than in his progenitors, and is remarkable for its keen sight. This seems to be occasioned solely by the influence of climate. But this question is foreign to the subject we have been discussing, and although we would willingly enlarge upon it, and touch upon another point intimately connected with the physical history of man, we mean his civilization, and the apparent anomaly of some nations, such as the Hindoos and Chinese, attaining to a certain point, and there halting, we must forbear, for our limits warn us to a close.

We have penned these remarks as merely supplementary to our former paper on the same subject, desiring to set down in rather a more detailed form the strong proof which bears out to its full extent the Apostle's declaration, that "God made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell upon the face of the earth." They are of one blood, they are all our brethren, and let us not forget the injunction of the "beloved disciple," "TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

#### SERMONS IN STONES, &c.

THE clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

#### AMERICAN MESS-TABLE CHAT.

THERE is an amusing article in the "Gift" for 1840, written by Lieutenant Harwood, of the United States' navy, which bears the title of "Mess-Table Chat." The whole article is too long for our columns; but in order to enable the reader to understand the connexion between what we omit and what we extract, we must inform him that on board an American frigate a hot dispute had arisen on the following point:—

"The third lieutenant, Mr. Wagnazard, who had cruised in the South seas, and exhibited a cocoa-nut tree tattooed upon his arm as a sort of patent of nobility, as well as an evidence of his having been adopted by an insular chief, out of gratitude no doubt for these enviable distinctions, insisted upon having a dish of *baked dog* served up in the Sandwich Island style, in the shell of a mammoth pumpkin, which the steward had purchased at the instance of a New Englander, to make a thanksgiving pudding. Mr. Peleg Wetherall resisted this misapplication of his favourite esculent with the energy of a descendant of the pilgrim fathers, urging the right of property and the priority of intention; while Wagnazard, on the other hand, argued ingeniously upon the utility of experiment and the diffusion of useful knowledge; and artfully addressed himself to the deep-rooted love of variety and gastronomic lore which prevailed in the mess. The dispute waxed warm on both sides, and a spirit of faction invaded the general repose."

The factions arising out of this dispute distinguished themselves into the "whole dog party," the "no dog party," and the "national thanksgiving pudding party." Order was at last restored, and "the day after the restoration of tranquillity and harmony, the mess-table was arranged with unusual ceremony in honour of the occasion. A clean *shore-washed* table-cloth was spread, and the ill-assorted sea set of crockery, made up of the odds and ends which had survived the wreck of sundry memorable gales, gave place to an unsullied service of white porcelain from 'sunny France,' which the prudent Proggwell usually reserved for state occasions. Holiday decanters of cut glass, filled with the generous vintage of Madeira, graced the corners of the table, in addition to the every-day supply of red astragencies from Spain and the Balearic Islands. There was, moreover, a display of 'provent,' which, though it might be said rather to embrace the substantial of sea fare than the delicacies of the season, was nevertheless well calculated to find favour in the eyes of guests whose 'good digestion' pretty generally 'waited upon appetite.' There was, in the first place, a roast pig in the attitude of scampering off with a potato in his mouth; then, a dish of dumb-fish, facetiously called Cape Cod turkey; another, containing a dry mahogany-looking lump of salt beef—*aquatic* 'junk,' *gallic* 'resistance'; a long-treasured Virginia ham, pegged over with cloves, 'spotted like the pard' with numerous dashes of black pepper, and garnished round the hock with a ruffle of white paper. Last, not least in the dear love of the reconciled parties, the thanksgiving pudding, and the substitute for the canine delicacy of Hawaii. Much judgment was evinced by the steward in supplying a satisfactory ingredient; and it was whispered that he did not venture to act in so delicate an affair without first obtaining the advice of the ingenious commissary.

"However that may be, his choice fell upon a veteran rooster who had been spared from the merciless knife of the cook, while scores of younger cacklers had been served up in fricasees and other devices too numerous to mention, even to their combs and gills, which regularly made their appearance as a sort of Gallic *entrémé*, to the undisguised horror of the master and chaplain, whose primitive palates held all such *cozcomical* tricks of the cook, as they jocosely called them, in utter abomination. As to chanticleer, the keeper of the live stock, 'Jemmy Ducks,' had long ceased to regard him as worthy of his solicitude, and he was suffered to lead a kind of vagabond life about the 'Noah's Ark' amidstships, picking up here and there a precarious grain that was flirited out from the troughs of his compatriots in the coop; or might be seen, whole days together, perched upon a projecting spade or broom-handle, exhibiting that crest-fallen air of *abandon* peculiar to all bipeds, feathered or not, who have imbibed a thorough disgust for the sea. The gallant ruff of plumage which graced his neck, in his palmy days upon his native dunghill, and was wont to expand with high-pressure valour at the approach of an enemy or a rival, now, alas! would not have afforded a single hackle wherewith the most ingenious angler could fabricate a fly. That clear, heroic crow, by which he once proclaimed the dawn or heralded a victory, had now dwindled to a poor cackle of discon-



tent. He had not even spirit enough left to resent the insolence of a blear-eyed, intemperate-looking Muscovy duck, which used to jostle him, eyeing him askance as he paddled by, with the air of contempt that I have seen an old bow-legged sailor regard an unhappy landsman of broken fortunes, who, having taken to salt water late in life, sat brooding in gloomy abstraction over an accumulation of sea miseries. At last the woe-begone knight of the roost was missed from his accustomed perch, on the morning of the festive occasion which has been the subject of our long digression. Conjecture was busy as to his probable fate; for it should be remarked that the manner of his demise was a state secret, imparted only to a select few. He had perhaps mustered strength enough to fly to the bridge port and commit a *'felo de se,'* or he had been poached by the captain of the waist, who had a liquorish tooth, and had been heard to wonder how the old rooster would go in a *'lob-scouse'.* Few, and those only the initiated, recognised him as he was placed on the table in his pumpkin sarcophagus; and the rest, whose 'ignorance was bliss,' discussed him with appetites which proved they little knew how important a problem in the art of cookery had been solved in relaxing his tendons and mollifying his integuments. So effectually had these desirable ends been obtained by the Sandwich Island process, that even Dabchick, the master, though by no means an advocate of innovation of any kind, was one of the first to propose that the thanks of the mess be awarded to Wagmazard for the introduction of an agreeable and substantial dish. Having carried his motion *nem. con.,* as motions are apt to be carried after dinner, he proceeded, as soon as the cloth was removed, to emphasize his approbation by asking the Polynesian traveller to take wine.

"The master had a peculiar way of performing that ceremony: watching a *smooth*, as he technically expressed it, he would arrest the decanter in one of its revolutions round the table, and grasping it firmly by the neck, as if he feared some defeat of his intention, he kept a steady aim, over the top of the bottle, at the person he designed to compliment, without saying a word until he perceived his purpose was recognised.

"Dabchick will drink your health, Wagmazard," said Progwell, 'he has had you at pointblank, with his tompon out, this half hour. Allow me to make a third.'

"With all my heart," replied Wagmazard—"beg pardon, master; here's promotion and prize-money."

"To this sentiment, which had long since ceased to produce any responsive feeling in the master's heart, deadened as it was by 'hope deferred,' he simply nodded, tossing off mechanically the contents of his wine-glass. 'I was thinking, Wagmazard,' said he, 'that you must have sailed some time or other with Mangem, who was a messmate of mine during the war, when he was a lieutenant, and I was what I am still, a log-line measurer and a log-hook historian. He was a capital officer, and as good a seaman as ever squinted to windward in a squall: but he had one failing—he was omnivorous. Whatever could be caught at sea or on shore, whether fish, flesh, fowl, or reptile, he was sure to smuggle into the next day's dinner; and he managed to disguise it so, if it happened to be out of the common way, that there was no telling a rat from a young rabbit, or an eel from a serpent. His theory was, that everything living was eatable but a turkey-buzzard; and he was only prevailed upon to admit this single exception after a long series of experiments. He tried hard the whole cruise to convert me to his way of thinking; but I never touched any *made dishes* until we parted company at his promotion. He was a rum caterer, that Mangem.'

"I did sail with Mangem," replied Wagmazard, 'and I never expect to sail with a better commander; and although, as you have observed, he was somewhat omnivorous, he knew how to handle his ship, and fight his guns, and whenever duty did not prevent, was always exploring out-of-the-way places, so that we had lots of fun, hunting and fishing, and all that sort of thing. Nothing tickled the captain's fancy so much as the acquisition of some strange animal, especially if it was of the monkey-tribe; for he always persisted, notwithstanding the protestations of the doctor to the contrary, that Jocko belonged to the genus *homo*, being somewhat inclined to Lord Monboddo's way of thinking, that originally both species had tails, but that in man that appendage had been worn off by a long perseverance in sedentary habits. This opinion was very near being confirmed by a report of the quarter-master of the watch, who declared that he saw a large baboon with a basket under his arm, fishing for crabs with a crooked stick; it turned out, however, to be an old sun-dried negro, who only wanted a tail to pass for a monkey upon closer inspection.

"Mayweed and I, on account of our rambling propensities,

became prime favourites with Mangem, who used frequently to be of our party. Many a good tramp have we had together—the skipper and I equipped with our shooting and fishing tackle, and the doctor rigged out in his quaker-cut coat, with ample pockets crammed with minerals and shells, and his broad-brimmed Guayaquil sombrero studded with impaled bugs and butterflies. I could tell you of a striking adventure we had in South America; but this unbelieving master of ours would set it down, like enough, as a *fish story.*

"Never mind the old infidel," said Progwell, 'we'll fine him the I.C. if he opens his lips.'

"Go ahead with the yarn, Waggy," said Dabchick, 'I'll promise not to gainsay a word of it; as to the matter of belief, you know, in the free country we came from, every liberty is allowed in that particular, provided we don't doubt aloud when we differ from our neighbours; the thing is as well understood as the privilege of going barefoot when a man has no shoes.'

"You'll promise to keep within constitutional bounds then," said the traveller.

"I'll not think louder than the sigh of your sweetheart, as sure as my first son shall be called Wagmazard Dabchick," replied the master.

"The adventure happened, then, as I said before, at one of the unfrequented harbours on the coast of South America, with a long Indian name which I can't call to mind just now; no matter, it was a beautiful place. The port, though not large, was snug, with good anchorage behind a couple of small islands, which broke off the sea, and afforded fine shelter in the hurricane season. A fresh-water river emptied itself at the head of the bay, and there was wood in abundance in every direction. As soon, therefore, as we moored ship, the boats were hoisted out, the wood and watering gangs were sent on shore, and the gunner's and carpenter's crew were landed with such articles of their several departments as wanted repair. The usual exploring party, reinforced by a half-dozen of the midshipmen, resumed their amusement of beating the bush. We found the game so abundant that we got almost tired of popping it over; and as to all sorts of tropical fruits, we had only to turn to and pelt the monkeys on the trees, to get a shower in return, of such variety and flavour—but I won't make your mouths water by enumerating them particularly.

"I must tell you, however, that we were not without some fear in traversing the woods; the natives having told us, among other wonders of the place, of a snake some fifty feet long, that had a way of making himself up into a Flemish coil upon the branches of a tree, where he waited an opportunity of dropping down upon any contemplative gentleman, who might chance to select the vicinity of his roost as the scene of his pastoral meditation, embracing him with a cordiality altogether more fervid than agreeable. The captain had no sooner heard of this monster than he determined, if possible, to make a prize of him. A trap was at once contrived for him, such as is used to catch racoons with in Virginia, by bending down a stout sapling, and rigging it with a running bowline, and the sort of apparatus the boys call a figure four; this was well baited for several days in succession: but it was soon evident that *snaky* was not to be had in that way; in fact, we noosed nothing but one of the skirts of Mayweed's broad-tailed coat, which was whipped off as he accidentally sprung the trap, in stooping to gather a rare specimen of botany for his herbarium. After the accident we abandoned our device in despair, leaving the rapt portion of the doctor's favourite garment fluttering in the breeze, a trophy of our discomfiture. We began to suspect that the people had been humming us, when, the day before we were to sail, I left the captain and Mayweed fishing from the banks of a small lagoon situated near the head of the harbour, and struck for the woods, with Billy Rivers, one of the midshipmen of my watch. The youngster and I had just cleared a patch of cultivated ground, when we were startled by a hissing noise, like the blowing off of steam, and saw within a few yards of us a boa between twenty and thirty feet long, which might have well been taken for twice that length by any one who had merely measured him with the eye. His forked tongue vibrated with the rapidity of chain lightning, and his eyes shone as fiery as a bit of charcoal under the operation of a blow-pipe. There was no time to reflect, no chance to retreat, and the reptile decidedly meant to give fight. We had but one fowling-piece between us, which Rivers carried, and that was charged only with small shot. Telling him not to fire until I got ready, I jerked a long pole of India-rubber wood from the fence close at hand; the youngster blazed away right in the face and eyes of the serpent; we both boarded in the smoke with all the rancour of Mother Eve; and before the enemy had time to re-

cover from his astonishment, a lucky blow on the spine so disabled him that we despatched him at our leisure.

"You're sure it was an India-rubber pole that you gave the fatal blow with?" said the purser, looking out of his room again.

"Caoutchouc, so called, in those parts," replied Wagnazard; "you know it grows there as thick as pine trees in New Jersey. I should guess there might have been a mile square enclosed by a Virginia fence made of it."

"Circumstantial and minute again," exclaimed Proggwell; "gentlemen, interruptions are positively *tabooed*."

"Go on, Wagnazard," said the commissary; "I only asked for information."

"Rivers and I," continued the narrator, "were of course proud of having slain the redoubtable serpent, and returned to the lagoon immediately to announce our victory. There we found Mangem and the doctor laying their heads together to entrap an enormous alligator which had just shown his head above water at the barking of a spaniel they had with them. The captain was highly delighted with our exploit, and ordered some of the watering party to bring down the prize, while the youngster and I, elated by our recent conquest, made bold to proffer our assistance and advice as to the best mode of capturing the alligator. May-weed reminded us that he was the leviathan of the book of Job, and that we could not put "a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn;" but we decided that by good seamanship we might rouse him ashore and bring him to close quarters, if we could only find means to get a purchase upon him. Several schemes were proposed and rejected; at last I hit upon a contrivance, which the master may clap down among his *mems*, under the head of "How to catch a crocodile."

"Dabehick only noticed this remark by a contortion of countenance, such as a schoolboy makes who has bitten an unripe persimmon; he was evidently suppressing an inclination to think aloud.

"The device was as follows," continued Wagnazard. "We first rigged a line with a coil of two-and-a-half-inch rope, with a few feet of chain at the end of it; the chain was made fast to the middle of a short iron crow, and stopped out to the end of it by a lizard of spun yarn, just strong enough to keep the bar perpendicular until the alligator should gorge it, when a smart jerk would bring it athwart-ships in his maw by parting the stop, and there we should have him toggled so that we could haul him ashore. The bar was then baited with three or four solid pieces of pork, and the line thrown into the lagoon with a billet of wood about two fathoms from the bait, for a buoy. This done, we stepped back some distance from the bank, to watch the float, and kept the launch's crew at hand to extract our amphibious friend from one of his elements, in order to attack him with advantage on that which was common to both parties. We had hardly waited a quarter of an hour, when the water began to mantle,—then the buoy trembled slightly, and at last a broad drizzle on the surface of the lagoon announced "a glorious nibble;" another more decided bob made the doctor exclaim "How very exciting!" and the men were for running away with the line before the time, but the captain restrained them by an order to wait for the word. An instant afterwards the float disappeared slowly, marking its course under water by a wake on the surface, which, with the tautening of the line, showed that the monster had gorged the bait, and was making for the opposite shore. "Now's your chance, my lads!" shouted Mangem, "walk away together!" And away went the men with a cheer that made every thing ring again. The lagoon boiled like a pot for a moment; then out came the alligator high and dry upon the bank, mowing long swarths of cane and shrubbery with his tail, right and left, on his way up. A few good turns with the end of the line were caught over the stump of a tree, and the action began in earnest. The monster, as soon as he found there was no backing out, defended himself like a hero, keeping up a brisk fire of language composed of pebbles and dirt, and levelling everything that came within the sweep of his nether extremity; while he was assailed by our party from every quarter with clubs, stones, and boat-hooks, and, in short, anything we could lay our hands upon. The fight raged furiously for about twenty minutes, till at length stratagem and superior force prevailed, and our enemy died "game to the last," leaving his assailants, especially Billy Rivers and myself, covered with mud and glory.

"Nothing now remained to be done but to strip the boa and the alligator of their skins, which it was at once resolved should be preserved as trophies of the day's success. The doctor was a skilful taxidermist, and the boat's crew undertook the operation

under his direction. The coxswain started off to get a quantity of corrosive sublimate from the apothecary of a village close by; and Rivers went to the ship, and soon returned with a bankrupt glass-blower, who belonged to the after-guard, and was skilled in the manufacture of artificial eyes. An hour before sunset the flesh of the vanquished was cut into strips, as Mangem had requested, to be cured in the way the South Americans prepare their jerked beef; and the skins were stuffed and put into attitudes as fierce and natural as life, and deposited on the rafters of a deserted wigwam at the watering-place."

"And I suppose," said Dabehick, breaking silence at last, "they were presented with all due ceremony to the Museum at Philadelphia, or the Academy of Natural Sciences?"

"There you're out of your reckoning, master; they were eaten up that very night."

"Eaten up! By what?"

"Yes; every scale of them: by the *white ants*."

"What crowbar and all?"

"No, they did leave the crowbar, and a link or two of the chain; but not a rope-yarn of the two-and-a-half-inch."

### THE CUTTER.

[The following little article is contributed by one of our friends in Scotland, who informs us that the "Cutter" is but too well known in his own locality. We are sorry to learn such a fact; but though the scenery of this little sketch is Scotch in character, our English readers may find it not difficult to adapt the description to some habits which fall under their own observation.]

GENTLE reader, are you aware that there are other objects or things in the world called cutters besides six or eight-oared barges, pleasure-yachts, cruisers, &c.? Are you aware that this name is bestowed upon a certain kind of little black glass bottle employed in carrying clandestine cargoes of ardent spirits to clandestine drinkers? It is; and unless the subject has come under your observation, and you have given it some attention, you can have no idea of the extent to which the system of cutter-trading is practised; nor, perhaps, of the misery and wretchedness which it carries into the bosoms of those families where it has become a habit.

Neither can you have any idea of the shifts and expedients fallen upon to cloak and conceal the movements of the little cutter; its frequent out-goings and in-comings.

The reader may possibly imagine that such practices as are here alluded to must be confined to people in the lower ranks of life. It is by no means so. We cannot tell exactly where they stop—at what point in the social scale the cutter ceases to be employed; but this we do know, that it is an inmate of houses where you would little dream of finding it—where the externals of respectability would forbid your imagining for a moment that any one within it was in the habit of indulging in the low and disgraceful practices which its presence implies.

The cutter, we are sorry to say it, is peculiarly a female instrument of dissipation. It is by the female members of families, almost exclusively, that these little craft are put and kept in commission, being well adapted for secrecy and concealment.

The cutter itself, gentle reader, is a little dumpy black bottle, of various shapes, sometimes square, sometimes round, sometimes octagonal, &c., &c.: burden somewhere about half-a-pint, frequently less; but when this is the case, the deficiency of capacity is compensated by the frequency of its trips. It is then kept constantly at sea, scudging about from morning to night; its destinations being various, perhaps, but always returning to the same port.

By one who knows how and where to look for these mischievous little craft fraught with ruin, they may be seen cruising about the streets in all directions; some in the act of going for cargoes, others returning with them.

We would take a considerable bet that in half an hour's ramble through the streets, leaving us our choice of district, we will point out half a dozen cutters in full and active employment. Yet, observe, the little argosy doesn't sail openly; it is rarely exposed to public gaze in tell-tale nakedness, but is concealed by various ingenious devices and expedients. It may be said, in short,

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